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11-9-1876

# Providence Independent, V. 2, No. 22, Thursday, November 9, 1876

Providence Independent

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## Clam Soup.

First catch your clams—along the ebbing edges  
Of saline cooves you'll find the precious wedges  
With backs up lurking in the sandy bottom;  
Pull in your iron rake, and lo! you've got 'em.  
Take thirty large ones, put a basin under,  
And clasp with knife their stony jaws asunder;  
Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor,  
Bring to a boil (and, by the way, the quicker  
It boils the better, if you'd do it cutely).  
Now add the clams, chopped up and minced  
minutely.  
Allow a longer boil of just three minutes,  
And while it bubbles quickly stir within its  
Tumultuous depths, where still the mollusks  
mutter.  
Four tab'spoons of flour and four of butter,  
A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion,  
And clams need salting, although born of  
ocean.  
Remove from fire (if much boiled they will  
suffer—  
You'll find that India rubber isn't tougher);  
After 'us off add three fresh eggs, well beaten.  
Stir once more, and it's ready to be eaten.  
Fruit of the wave! Oh, dainty and delicious!  
Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Apicius!  
Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus,  
Or titillate the palate of Silenus!

## THE WHITE LADY.

### The Story of a Picture.

There was on exhibition in the Art gallery of the Centennial the portrait of a woman who lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the artist had made an attempt to commemorate an actual incident in her life.

The facts of that life have been gathered by the arduous antiquary, William Beckwith Forde, and it is upon the basis of his strange but intensely interesting narrative that Mr. Pettie made his picture.

From this narrative we learn that Sir William Richardson lived in Herefordshire on an ancestral estate of several hundred acres, which ran to the base of the Malvern hills, and were partly overlooked by the remains of an old Roman fortress, still to be seen, and which is known as the "Herefordshire Beacon."

Sir William lost his wife while visiting the Marquesas islands in 1794, and he had been sent as a government commissioner, and was being brought ashore when the boats containing her party were attacked by a large body of naked savages who were in the water, and who at the time had successfully disarmed suspicion of their intentions by pretending to exhibit their skill as swimmers.

Lady Richardson, who was pregnant at the time, was saved from violence, and the savages were repulsed, but the fright proved too great, and, after giving birth to a female child, she died.

Heartbroken, Sir William returned to England a few months later with his child, and, retiring from public service, settled upon his estate in Herefordshire, where his daughter grew up. At the age of eighteen she was beautiful enough to attract the attention of all the neighboring gentry. The reader who has seen the picture need not be assured of this.

But with all her loveliness she possessed certain traits of character which neither education nor association could eradicate or modify. Accomplished and refined, she still evinced a curious love of freedom and a strange passion for the water.

No one in the county could ascend the Malvern hills as she, and often her father and his companions found her when still a mere child, worn out with fatigue, in the almost inaccessible ruins of the "Beacon."

At the age of twenty formal suit was made to her by a young Lieutenant Craddock Hampden, the son of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in St. Albans. The match was a prosperous one, and without impediment; the young people were passionately attached to each other, and the parents favored the alliance. Archibald Hampden spent much of his time at Sir William Richardson's house. He appears to have been a rather austere Puritan, and no doubt connected with the Hampden stock of Warwickshire, for he figured extensively in what were known as the "hop troubles" of that year, taking sides vigorously against the common people of the county, and himself leading a troop of gentry against a riotous gathering of the hop pickers. Although these troubles were speedily repressed, a great deal of annoyance was inflicted upon the land owners for a long time after in revenge, and no one suffered more than the Hampdens. At this time arose the first stories of the "White Woman of Watford." They were regarded as the superstitious legends of the common people generally, and no special significance attached to them until Sir William's barn was one night burned, and several of the hop pickers insisted that it was set on fire by the "White Woman of Watford," and then it was insisted upon by the elder Hampden that this was a convenient myth upon which these people foisted their own mischief. Others, however, with a love of mystery, made patient inquiries long after concerning the white woman, and the results may be found in Shakespeare's "Legends of St. Albans." Here we come across the ghostly tradition of a beautiful spirit that walked the banks of the Wye at night. She was seen by belated travelers returning through the wood that bordered the Richardson domain, but she always vanished into thin air on being discovered.

One summer night the elder Hampden, while sitting in his library with his

son, who had just ridden over from Sir William's, where he had spent the evening with his intended bride, was informed by his keeper that he had seen the "White Woman of Watford" and that two of the ricks were burning. With his usual promptitude the old man mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his son and the keeper, all armed, set out to punish the outlaws. They were re-enforced by Sir William on the way. There was a full moon, but it was obscured at intervals with clouds. They pursued the course of the Wye, which is thickly wooded where it passes the Hampden and Richardson parks. On reaching the valley at the foot of the hills the keeper, while in a lonesome place, swore that he saw the white woman and warned them to go no further. The irascible old trooper rather humbly for being a superstitious poltroon, but no threats could induce him to continue the hunt. His words, as preserved by tradition, were:

"You're fightin' agin Heaven, and the blood will be on yourselves!"

This warning only served to stir further incense Hampden, who believed neither in wraiths nor fairies, and he swore to put a bullet into the white woman that would test her spiritual nature if he came across her. They had not proceeded far when they heard the sound of distant singing. Dismounting, they crept through the copse to the stream, and then picked their way as noiselessly as possible along its margin. All at once one of the party uttered an exclamation and pointed through the trees:

"We are bewitched," he said; "look you!" The moon poured its silvery light through the vista, and they saw, or thought they saw, the figure of a woman intermingling with the light as though it had been born of it. Old Hampden was not the man to suffer this coil—he lifted his gun and fired. The apparition vanished, nor could they discover any traces of it. Satisfied that it was in part an illusion, they set out to return. They had not proceeded far, before the figure reappeared. This time it was at a greater distance, and was leaning apparently against a tree. They stood a moment dazed with its lustrous beauty; one only of the party was unable to perceive anything, and he boldly denied its existence, and when the others described its position and whereabouts he suddenly and defiantly discharged his heavy weapon at it. As he did so the moon disappeared, and they were in darkness. They were, however, re-enforced almost immediately by a number of the peasantry attracted by the noise of their guns. All the gentlemen were now in favor of abandoning what they believed a wild goose chase. Not so the Hampdens; he alone insisted upon clearing up what he declared had been too long a mystery and a nuisance to the county. Form the men into two parties, which were to converge from opposite sides of the stream a half mile lower down, they set out once more. Another incident, however, modified the leader's plan and added to the disinclination of the men to go on. When they returned to their horses it was found that the animal which had been ridden by the elder Hampden had broken loose and disappeared, in consequence of which the gentleman was forced to continue the hunt on foot, which he did at the head of the villagers.

About half a mile down the stream was a ford; the place was known as "St. Alban's Well." Young Hampden, who had preceded his party some distance, reached the well alone, just as the moon emerged from the clouds and lit up the scene brilliantly. No sooner had his horse crossed the little river and approached the blasted oak that overhangs the well than he was struck dumb with amazement and horror, for lying there as if dead, with the blood oozing from her white breast and her long hair wound about her as if to shield her, was the daughter of Sir William and the woman he was to make his wife. For a moment he believed himself to be the victim of some cruel incantation, but the voices of the approaching villagers warned him. In a few moments they would be upon him. With the alacrity and courage of a true gallant, his instinct was at once to save her from exposure and danger. He lifted her upon his horse, stripped himself of what clothing would answer the purpose, and then draped and guarded her led his precious but unconscious burden noiselessly away from the pursuers.

Twice the pursuing party came so near them that it was only by the most adroit maneuvering that he escaped. He heard them shouting his name through the woods, but he passed on and succeeded in getting his charge safely home and in preserving the secret from the world.

Shortly afterward they were married and the stories of the "white lady" grew, and spreading, attracted the attention of the chroniclers.

This in substance is Forde's narrative. And it has pleased the world to accept it as a pretty story of somnambulism.

Pettie adopted the current legend, and reproduced from an old miniature the portrait of the Lady Hampden. For the purposes of art and poetry the story might properly enough be left where these workers have brought it. But there is another and a curious physiological side to it.

Lady Hampden died in 1828, and it appears that one of her daughters inherited her peculiarities.

There is in the Warwick Register of a succeeding year a curious account of an accident which befell a lady living upon the borders of Warwickshire. Her nude body was found in a neighboring

grove one morning, and the post-mortem examination decided that she died of fright. This was the daughter of Lady Hampden. In preparing the papers which were subsequently published under the title of "The Night Side of Nature," Mrs. Crowe, for some reason, rejected one which, in attempting to throw a new light upon "The White Lady of Watford," brought to the surface a number of extraordinary facts.

This paper, prepared by a physician who has since become eminent in psychology science, was afterward read before the British Pneumatological Society, and is at present a part of their archives. It purports to show that the origin of the stories of the "White Lady of Watford" and the cause of the death of Lady Hampden's daughter are to be found, not in an apparition, nor yet in somnambulism, but in what he calls cutimania, and he proceeds to give a number of cases similar to that already narrated, in which an irresistible desire (amounting often to disease) to free the body from its conventional covering, has given rise to the most ridiculous and unwarranted stories.

He also declares that while this mania has often manifested itself in women, it is not necessarily associated with immodesty or indiscretion. It is an organic impulse which is in some way connected with the health of the individual, and may be transmitted through a whole generation. He says that several members of the Hampden family were well aware of Lady Hampden's nocturnal excursions and that they did not attempt to interfere with them, but merely took such precautions as prevented her exposure. This reads curiously enough, but when the doctor declares that she could not have lived if she had not been allowed to take this bath of freedom, our astonishment is softened into pity for the eccentric invalid.

How far the misadventure with the savages in the Marquesas may have influenced the progeny of the Hampden can safely be left to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to determine in fiction.

Those who are interested in an entirely new field of psychological inquiry—who have often experienced in sleep the exquisite delight of wandering disrobed, or in waking hours have, at the seaside or elsewhere, been lifted into new conditions of existence as the elements come in contact with the body, will find in the paper just alluded to a curious mass of suggestion.—*World.*

## An Exciting Ride.

The ride from San Antonio, Texas, to El Paso is one of the most stirring bits of travel to be had in America. The conveyance is a four-horse stage; coaches are changed three times; and beyond Concho, which is 216 miles north of San Antonio, Bronco mules are under harness.

The mule is a fiery, untamable little animal, possessed of all the spirit and speed of a racehorse, and all the long suffering and patience of a Spanish jack. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* gives this account of "Lize" and "Murphy"—a dun and a sorrel—that have done splendid service on this road: "Until the four-horse coaches were put on, their task was to draw a buck-board twice a week a distance of sixty-five miles. The journey was made in a single night, without water and without food or rest, except an hour at midnight at Van Horn's well. When I returned from Mexico to the States these two little mules pulled myself, another passenger, some three hundred pounds of mail and baggage, and the driver of the stage named. The driver cheered the solitude of the night with many anecdotes of their performances, and at our request, and aided by us, frequently tried to stop them between the stations. Our attempts to do so were ineffectual, for the more we would pull the faster they would go. Some two weeks later Gen. Cabell was the only passenger, and the propensity of "Lize" and "Murphy" to run was so great he considered his life in serious danger. He drew his six-shooter and kept it cocked, determined to shoot one of them through the head if they ever left the road. But leaving the road is something the mules never do. They are trained to keep the road, and to stop only at stations. They know an Indian by the smell, and the cracking of a stick by the roadside makes them dart. In case the driver should be shot from the box they would keep on to the station all the same.

## American Meats in Europe.

Prof. Bouchardat, one of the members of the Paris council of hygiene and salubrity, has recently directed public attention to some of the foreign preserved meats imported into France as being unfit for human food, and in many cases positively dangerous. He mentions especially a kind of ham imported from Cincinnati, which is usually enveloped in a cloth saturated with a yellow substance, which, on examination, proved to be chromate of lead—a deadly poison. Prof. Bouchardat suggests that if the American purveyors prefer to have a yellow envelope around the alimentary substances they export, the chromate of lead may be discarded for some other yellow substance—turmeric, for instance, which is known to be entirely harmless.

## Campaign Compliments.

"I would rather vote for the devil than for you," was what an American sovereign told a candidate just before the election. "But in case your friend should not come forward," said the unabashed aspirant for office, "might I then count upon your assistance?" The glass glanced from off his cheek and he passed on.

## Blackbeard, the Pirate.

The career of Blackbeard throws a curious light upon the manner in which the colonies of his Britannic majesty, King George II., were governed. His friend, the governor of North Carolina, made no scruple of convening a court of vice admiralty at Bath Town, which condemned his captures as lawful prizes, although he had never held a commission in his life.

Blackbeard was a typical pirate, possessed with a mania for getting married. His friend, the governor, married him to the planter's daughter, a young creature of sixteen, whom he treated scandalously. It is not on record that Blackbeard, like Bluebeard, slew his wives. On the contrary, he had, at the period referred to, about a dozen living in various places. Obviously, he was a man of domestic instincts, modified by a roving life, and liked to have somebody to welcome him home wherever he was. His cognomen of Blackbeard was derived from the large quantity of hair which, like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face. In boarding, the pistol was the favorite weapon of the rovers, who always wore two or three brace in a silk sling, hung rather round the neck than over the shoulders. Armed thus, the freebooter was nearly as well off as if he had possessed a revolver. He had only to cock and fire, drop one pistol and seize another ready to his hand, without the risk of losing his weapons. This reliance on the pistol was, doubtless, one reason of the success of the rovers in close fighting. To add terror to his appearance, Blackbeard "stuck" lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face, his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful.

He was a frolicsome fellow, this Captain Teach, in his grim way. One day, being at sea and a little flushed with drink, he determined to make an inferno "of his own," and to that end went down into the hold with two or three others, and, having filled several pots full of brimstone, set them on fire and was very proud of having held out the longest against suffocation. Another evening, being in a pleasant mood drinking and playing cards with a few choice kindred spirits, he blew out the light, and, crossing his hands under the table, fired his pistols, laming one man for life, and when asked the meaning of this, said, "if he did not now and then kill one of them they would forget who he was."

One eerie story of Blackbeard and his crew runs thus: "Once upon a cruise they found out that they had a man on board more than their crew; such a one was seen several days among them, sometimes below and sometimes on deck, yet no man on the ship could give an account who he was or from whence he came, but that he disappeared a little before they were cast away in their great ship; but it seems they verily believed it was the devil."

Like many other great men, Blackbeard did not improve upon acquaintance, and his friends, the planters, at last got tired of his society. Redress from the governor of North Carolina was hopeless, and the governor of Virginia was applied to. This gentleman at once sent Lieutenant Maynard, with a couple of sloops, to capture the pirate. A desperate fight ensued. After some heavy firing, Blackbeard, after hurling on to the enemy several "new fashioned sort of grenades"—case bottles filled with powder and slugs—boarded him, but this time met his match, and fell dead, after receiving twenty-five wounds, fighting like fury to the last. His head was cut off and hung to the bowsprit of the victorious sloop.

## Before the Election.

Dunbar's wife listened to a long political discussion while riding down town in Detroit, and at dinner she remarked to her husband: "Well, eight or nine days more will decide the election."

"In a measure," was his guarded reply. "I'm awful glad," she continued. "You commenced going out nights about the first of March, and you've kept it up ever since. I'll be one happy woman about the eighth of November. We'll have cheerful fires, games, comfort and."

"Charlotte," solemnly interrupted the husband, "can't you understand this thing? The election will occur on the seventh prox., of course. After that date I must help count up the returns, verify them, put our clubs in training for the next campaign, examine the lies of the opposition, and so forth, and it may be next April before I get through. You must have patience, for everything is working all right."

## Money No Object to Him.

"Winter is drawing nigh," mused a Chicago chap, while jumping into his garments one keen edged morning. "Yes, winter is drawing nigh," he repeated, as he gazed out upon the frosty sidewalk, "and I must immediately lay in supplies for the cold weather—order up coal, provisions, new furniture for the house, new upholstery, new curtains, a new sleighing rig, a new suit of clothes for myself, new dresses and furs for my wife, fresh set of diamonds apiece, etc."

Then he looked into his pocketbook and discovered that he had just \$2 to his name in the world.

But he sent out the orders just the same.

## A TEMPERANCE MESSAGE.

A Letter from John B. Gough to the Young People of the Country.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been requested to send a message to the Sabbath-schools in behalf of the total abstinence cause. I wish I could write to you all that is in my heart on this great question, but my time and ability are limited, and my message must be short.

We are sometimes told that total abstinence is not temperance. What is temperance? Let me give you a short reply. Temperance is a lawful gratification of a natural appetite. Is the appetite for intoxicating liquors a natural appetite? No. Therefore temperance is total abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

This principle is a sensible principle. When you are as old as I am, you will regret many things you have learned in the past; but you will never regret that you did not learn to use intoxicating liquors. I have never met a person, nor do I believe that you can find a person in the world, who would say: "I am fifty years of age, and I never drank a glass of liquor in my life, and I regret that I did not learn to drink it when I was young." No. When you meet one who has never drank, he tells you: "I am glad of it," or "I am proud of it." A man once called on me, and said: "Mr. Gough, I want to tell you something. I am not a reformer. I care little for reforms, or missions, or Sunday-schools. They are all very well in their way, but they are not in my line. I have been an actor since I was eighteen, and I am now forty-three, and I never drank a glass of ale, wine, or spirits in my life. What do you think of that? I am proud of it?"

Dear children, you would be shocked if you could read some of the letters that lie in my desk, that have been written to me by persons in all grades of society—young men, old men, lawyers, physicians, ministers of the gospel, teachers, mechanics, clerks, and some ladies—who have acquired the appetite for strong drink. One says: "Dives in hell never longed for a drop of water as, with all the power there is in me, I long for a drink." Another says: "Is there any hope for me on this side of the grave?" Another says: "God knows how near I have been to self destruction through drink," and so on.

One poor man, actually holding my feet, cried out: "Oh, Mr. Gough help me out of this hell. Drink is my curse." Yes, dear children, the cry comes from the inmates of lunatic asylums: "Drink is my curse;" from the State prisons, "Drink is my curse;" innocent victims—wives, mothers, children—"Drink is my curse;" from the burning lips of the dying drunkard comes the despairing cry: "Drink is my curse." There are broken hearts, blighted hopes, blackened characters, crushed intellects, and lost souls as the result of strong drink, and not a single individual but rejoices in his escape from it.

Is not the total abstinence principle sensible? "But all who drink do not become drunkards," I know that; but if fifty young men begin to drink, some will assuredly be ruined by it. Then, there is a risk. Now we all desire safety and security. Suppose you desired to travel from New York to Chicago, and there were two lines of road—one on which there were accidents constantly occurring; on every train some disaster, passengers killed and wounded; in short, a very risky road; and on the other, never since its opening had there been the slightest accident. Which road would you take? If you are sensible, and regard your own welfare, you would take the safe one. Suppose some one should tempt you to take the risky road, by telling you how much more beautiful the cars were and what a jolly company you would find on board the train. You would say: "I care not so much for gaudy cars and jolly company as for my safety. I want to be safe." Now, it is your safety we seek, when we urge you to abstain entirely from strong drink. There is no certainty that you will become victims if you begin to indulge, but there is a risk.

Some say: "I can govern myself; I have a mind of my own." What would you think of a captain of a steam vessel who would put on a full head of steam, and then knock down the man at the wheel? Or of the conductor on a railroad, who would let on the steam and then disable the engineer? You would say he was a reckless man. The steamer or the engine might get through without accident, but it might go crashing to destruction. So when a person, using that which weakens the power of his will, depends on his weakened will to serve him—using that which warps his judgment, and then depends on his warped judgment to guide him—using that which affects his self-control, and then trusts his deranged self-control to keep him from danger—he is reckless. Simply because some men drink and do not become drunkards, can you? I once saw a man stand on a small platform outside the spire of a church, and look down on the pavement one hundred and fifty feet below. Because he did it, can you? Think of these things before you run the risk and remember what the risk is.

Our principle is lawful. We have been told it is contrary to the Scriptures. One gentleman said to me: "If you can find a command in the Bible, 'Thou shalt abstain from intoxicating liquors as a beverage,' I will abstain; but not till then." Dear children, we want you to love the Bible, to obey the precepts of the Bible; but in view of the evils of intemperance, and in view of its cause, we ask of the Bible only a permission to let liquor alone. We lay our hand on this blessed book and ask: May we abstain? You do not search the Bible for a com-

mand: Thou shalt abstain from gambling; from dog fighting; from horse racing; just in proportion to your love for the Bible will you abstain from these things, because they are detrimental to the best interests of society according to Bible principles. Therefore, since intemperance is caused by the use of intoxicating drink; since in proportion to the use of such drink drunkenness increases or diminishes; and since the most that can be said for this drink is that it is a needless luxury, and that the world would be better and purer without it—therefore, you say, I will abstain, and give the weight of my influence, as long as I live, on the side of abstinence, sobriety and purity. This is in accordance with the teachings of the Bible.

How many of us, who are growing old, wish we could be boys again! Why? Because we see so many things to regret, so many wrong turns we have taken. To be a boy, with life before you, with the clean page on which to write your record, with opportunities coming that you can improve—what a position, what a privilege! To be an old man, with a record all stained and blotted, knowing that no mortal hand can clean the page; with opportunities unimproved, and lost never to return—this is dreadful!

A wicked man, who had been a stage driver, was, during the last few days of his life, very uneasy, and on his deathbed he constantly moved his feet, and looked distressed. When asked by his wife: "Harry, what is the matter?" he said: "Oh, I'm on an awful down grade, and I can't find the brake." Dear young friends, your feet are on the brake. Keep them there. You have, under God, the future in your power; your destiny in your own control. Remember there is no one evil in the world before which so many fall, as the evil of intemperance.

I most earnestly desire that the youth of our country, especially our Sabbath-school scholars, shall give all their influence against this great evil. May God help you to avoid the perils in life's journey, and the traps that are set for your feet, so that from your place of safety you may reach out your hand to help the tempted who are struggling in their chains, and may by self-denial be enabled to "fulfill the law of Christ," by helping some poor burdened souls into the higher life of purity and freedom.

## A Mother's Words.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning she said:

"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit mother's hand, that you will never drink."

"And," said he (for he told me the story), "I gave the promise, and I went the globe over, Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and Cape of Good Hope, the north pole and the south. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the gate did not spring up before me, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half.

"For yesterday came into my counting-room a man of forty years."

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication; then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never known a mother from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's words in the green hills of Vermont! Oh! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!

## Election Jokes.

A noted practical joker got into a political discussion with a crowd of Democrats, and offered to bet \$100 that he could name a city in the United States of 10,000 inhabitants in which not a single legal vote would be cast for Tilden.

"Are you in earnest?" asked a Democrat.

"I will put up the money now," was the reply.

"Well," said the Democrat, "I'll just take that bet to teach you a lesson. Fools can be taught sense."

The money was placed in the hands of a bystander, and as the party were separating, the joker called the betting Democrat aside and whispered to him: "If you had thought a minute before you took me up you would have remembered that Washington has over 10,000 inhabitants."

From the fact that suffrage is not extended to the residents of the District of Columbia the joker insists that he need not wait until after election to have the bet decided.

Another joke that has been repeatedly played upon innocents here is an assertion that even if Tilden is elected the Republicans will not allow him to be inaugurated on the fourth of March. After the victim has become sufficiently excited he is informed that the fourth of March next comes on Sunday, and either Mr. Hayes or Mr. Tilden or Peter Cooper will have to wait until Monday before being inaugurated.—*Graphic.*



## Providence Independent.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.  
THURSDAY, NOV 9, 1876.

Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will please notify us of the same.

## THE NATIONAL VERDICT!

### SAMUEL J. TILDEN ELECTED.

Just before going to press we were able to gain partial information in reference to the National contest. Tilden received 212 electoral votes and Hayes 157. Full returns have not been received from all the states such as Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, Wisconsin and California, but it is only barely possible that any of them have voted for Hayes. Should all of them be transferred to the Hayes column Tilden would still have one more than a majority of the whole electoral college. It seems safe therefore to assume that Samuel J. Tilden is our next President. The popular majority for Tilden will be from 200,000 to 300,000. Hayes received 10,000 majority in Pennsylvania.

The result is certainly marvelous when considering from a proper standpoint, the immense strongholds of the Republican party. It is an incontrovertible fact that a portion of the Republican voters caused the miraculous change, as the Democratic party was not strong enough to accomplish the work alone. A change must have been a necessity or why should the Republicans have helped to elect Samuel J. Tilden for President.

The struggle is over, a vast amount of money expended, and "who will be saved," It is well enough to shout and make declarations, but the people want to see "actions" that "speak louder than words." The Democratic party heralds "reform" and we await the coming results with no little anxiety.

MRS. Susan Ellis Laura Smith is the name of an American who, believing "that it is the duty of every member of the human family to devote their bodies after death to scientific examination until the principles of physiological science are thoroughly established," has willed her body to the Royal College of Surgeons of England, to be dissected immediately after death.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE has arrived in New York from England where he was received by the leading Shakespearean scholars with distinguished consideration.

JOHN D. LEE is not going to be shot quietly. He has appealed his case to the Utah Supreme Court, and then he is going up to the Supreme Court of the United States, which gives him quite all case of life.

THE Mollics have got things badly mixed in Schuylkill county. There is majority of twelve hundred for Tilden, but Reilly is elected for Congress and an Independent and a Republican are elected to the Senate. The Independent voter must have been abroad even there.

THE distribution of Tilden posters was said to have been so great in the vicinity of Lewis county, New York, that the bears of the North Woods had been impressed into Governor Tilden's service, and that it was no uncommon thing to meet with them in the wilderness with blue posters attached to their tails. The bears must have got out of the woods.

DR. J. C. AYER has not recovered from his insanity, but his patent medicine advertisers are paying the country papers for praising his generosity toward the new town in Ayer, Massachusetts.

### The Prize Fighters Sentenced.

WEEDEN, GOODWIN AND COLLYER TO UNDERGO AN IMPRISONMENT OF SIX YEARS, AND CLARK AND NEARY OF TWO YEARS, ALL AT HARD LABOR, IN THE TRENTON PENITENTIARY.

SALEM, N. J., Nov. 2.—The fate of the prize fighters is sealed at last, and the verdict of guilty of manslaughter returned by the jury yesterday against the prisoners, Weeden, Collyer, Spring Dick, Martin Neary and John H. Clark, stands, Judge Reed having this morning refused to grant a rule to show cause why John H. Clark and Martin Neary should not have a new trial. The application was made by Harry L. Slape, Esq., counsel for Neary, and was based upon the plea that the verdict was not in accordance with the evidence. Judge Reed, in refusing the application, said that the court was convinced that the testimony had gone to the jury which would cause a verdict of this kind to stand. A man that goes to a prize-fight without the knowledge of its being a prize-fight, and remains only long enough to learn its character, and then goes away, such a party is not responsible, but a party that goes to a prize-fight for the purpose of enjoying the fight the same as he would go a performance at a theatre, is responsible for the consequences resulting from said fight. The jury found that they went to the fight in that capacity, and this court, not sitting as a jury, says that there was testimony submitted to justify the verdict, and the court does not feel justified in setting it aside. At half-past 11 o'clock this morning the prisoners were brought into court for sentence, when Mr. H. L. Slape made another ineffectual appeal for Clark and Neary, urging upon the court the justice and propriety, owing to the lack of testimony in their cases, of the Court imposing the penalty of \$1,000 fine in their cases. Judge Reed then proceeded to sentence the prisoners. Weeden, Collyer, and Richard Goodwin were then ordered to stand up, and the Judge addressed them, referring to their trial and conviction, saying that the court felt that an example must be made that would be impressed upon parties engaging in these bloody transactions, and that the Court felt that justice would not be fully vindicated until other parties stood in the same position as the prisoners did. Sentence was then passed upon them, each being given six years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State Prison. Clark and Neary were next called, and after briefly referring to the testimony in their cases, the Judge sentenced them to two years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State Prison.

[From the Philadelphia Times of Tuesday.]  
Theodore Tilton.

### HIS LECTURE ON "MASTER MOTIVES" IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

An audience which filled the two lower floors of the Academy of Music greeted Theodore Tilton last night to hear his new lecture, "Master Motives." Mr. Tilton defined motives to be the pulse of the heart of hearts; the pith and core of the purposes of man's soul. The essence of morality is the motive; or, as Emerson phrases it, "The will is the man." He first spoke of the desire for money as a controlling motive in directing the affairs of men. The trash that was stolen from Iago's purse has now become the chief treasure in the wallet of the world. He maintained that the inordinate desire for money has decreased in intensity as the centuries have receded. The evil genius of our American society is the desire to make money without earning it. The value of money is what it costs; if acquired at a sacrifice of health it is too dear, and if by fraud and chicanery, no equivalent is rendered, though the price paid is the honor and manhood of the purchaser. The speaker counseled his hearers to strike the golden mean between the two extremes. He passed from avarice to ambition and discussed as a master motive the desire for fame, which in its influence over man surpasses the love of wealth, ease and of life itself. The motto of Talleyrand, that nothing succeeds like success, was declared to be a delusion and a share. The conclusion reached was that to do one's duty is the noblest ambition of life. The motive of revenge was then analyzed. In this connection Mr. Tilton drew attention to the manner in which Americans have forgiven the savages for their cruelties to our forefathers, and then appealed for a spirit of forgiveness toward those of our countrymen who were recently in arms against their Northern brethren. We of the North have had our victory, then let us forego our revenge. The master motives of vanity, patriotism, love and religion were each examined in turn. Mr. Tilton drew up all literature and history to illustrate and enforce the lessons of his discourse. During the evening the speaker was frequently greeted by applause.

In his last Friday night's address at Plymouth Church, Mr. Beecher, in speaking of the South, said that he thought that it had behaved with uncommon Christianity—quite as well as could have been expected of the North had affairs been reversed.

### Goldsmith Maid Tries to Beat Herself.

Goldsmith Maid, on the Belmont track, on Saturday again tried to improve her record of 2:14, and she nearly succeeded. The attendance was small, the wind strong and the track heavy. Accompanied by a lively running horse the Maid scored the first mile in 2:20. The first quarter of the second mile was made in 32 seconds, the half mile in 1:05, the three-quarters in 1:40, and the wire was passed in 2:14.

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming: "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in that sort of reiteration which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. "I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

As the officer in a certain section of city was about posting a poor colored woman's house to answer the requirement of the law previous to selling for non-payment of sidewalk assessment he was met by the colored woman, who inquired the cause of the notice. "It is for non payment of taxes," "Taxes! what for," asked the poor woman. "For sidewalk." "Oh! ah! dat's it, hey? Well, put them up; old woman's days must end; one after another the good Lord's gone and taken de children, de old man's gone to rest and de old woman's left all alone. Put up de notice; put it up, I say, and sell; shan't need it much longer, anyhow. Bless the Lord, pury soon I'll go home to reign with Jesus; den der won't be any taxes to pay and de poor old woman'll be at rest."—Boston Transcript.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Madison Barracks, at Sacketts Harbor, New York, was partially destroyed by fire on Monday. The fire broke out in the officers' quarters, and was confined to them. Loss, \$50,000.

Boyce's flax factory, at Muncie, Ind., was burned on Saturday night. Loss, \$5,000.

Seven small houses were burned at Sugar Notch on Saturday, causing a loss of \$3,000. The fire was not the work of Mollie Maguires, as was reported.

The store of E. Oelberman & Co., No. 62 Worth street, New York, was entered and robbed of silks to the value of nine thousand dollars between Saturday night and Monday morning. A young man named Daniel Weider has been arrested in Lancaster county, Pa., for setting fire to four barns in one night.

A young man of Northumberland county, Pa., named Lesher, recently husked 120 bushels of corn in ten hours.

This is a good season for bears. Six were recently killed in Tioga county, Pa., one of them weighing over 500 pounds.

Six hundred tons of rock were recently displaced by a single blast at the quarries of Schell & Bros., in Lehigh county, Pa., near the East Penn junction. It will require from three to four weeks to remove the rock that has been loosened.

The valuable horse Montgomery, the favorite animal of Governor Hartranft and the finest of his studs, died Thursday morning, at the stables rear of Executive Mansion, Harrisburg, of lung fever, after a ten day's sickness. Montgomery was sired by Alexander Abdallah (sire of Goldsmith Maid), and was valued at between \$2,500 and \$3,500.

A passenger train going west on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, on Saturday afternoon, collided with a freight train, near Shoals, Indiana. An engineer and fireman were killed and several passengers sustained slight injuries.

There is now no serious subject of controversy between the United States and Spain, the latter having in a spirit of friendship acceded to the views of the former for the trial of American citizens in the Island of Cuba accused of crime before civil tribunals.

General Giles A. Smith, a distinguished soldier of the late war and more recently Second Assistant Postmaster General, died at Bloomington, Illinois, on Sunday last. He served with distinction at the capture of Forts Henry and Donaldson, and at Corinth, Shiloh, and on other fields under Sheridan, and was wounded three times.

The lumber stock in the yard of D. S. Bunting, Chester, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire on Sunday, to the extent of \$30,000.

A portion of a train was precipitated through a bridge on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, two miles east of Mountsville, West Virginia, on Saturday. The engineer Washington Hamilton, was killed.

In a bar-room fight at Newark, N. J., on Saturday, George Steckert stabbed and killed Charles Weber and inflicted fatal wounds on Jacob Mason Steckert is in custody and claims to have acted in self-defense.

## CHARLEY ROSS

AGENTS WANTED in every town in America  
THE FATHER'S STORY  
OF CHARLEY ROSS, the most touching and absorbing story in the annals of American History. Gives a full account of the ADDICTION, the pursuit, and tragic death of the Addictors. FAC-SIMILES OF THEIR LETTERS, and all the curious incidents connected with the search for the child. It gives a PORTRAIT OF LITTLE CHARLEY, with other choice illustrations and information calculated to lead to the recovery of the Lost Boy, for whom the Father offers a REWARD of \$5000. Written by CHRISTIAN K. ROSS SALES UNPRECEDED. For Terms and Exclusive Territory, Address: INGRAM & SMITH, sep28-4t. 731 WALNUT ST. PHILA.

MARY HESS,  
CIGAR MANUFACTURER,  
Near Graters Ford.

Having considerable experience in the cigar manufacturing business, I feel confident that my cigars will meet the various demands of my customers. Give me a trial.

RICHARDSON & EASTBURN,  
B IDGEPORT, MONTG. CO., PA.  
MANUFACTURERS OF THE

CELEBRATED  
DAVIS EXCELSIOR

Super Phosphate of Lime,  
PURE GROUND

BONE and FLOUR.

As a top-dressing for Wheat, Rye, Oats or Grass, the "DAVIS EXCELSIOR" has no superior in the market.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

July 26, '76.

\$1,000.

Reward will be paid for the proof of any materials, such as

ASHES, SAND-PLASTER, SALT CAKE

SALT, or any adulteration used in the manufacture of

I. P. THOMAS'

RAW BONE

SUPER PHOSPHATE,

AND

GROUND

RAW BONE

Manufactured at Cheyney Sta., W. C. & P. R.

R. For sale by

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,

EVANSBURG,

Lower Providence P. O.

mar-6m. Montg. Co., Pa

BEATTY'S

PARLOR

ORGANS

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.

Any first-class sign painter and letterer can learn something to his advantage by addressing the manufacturer,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

June 29-1y.

Wholesale and Retail

SHOE AND LEATHER STORE,

SCHWENKSVILLE, PA.

Near A. Bromer's clothing manufactory. Shoes and boots can be bought from 10 to 20 per cent less than can be manufactured. The question arises how can this be? Answer: They are bought at wholesale, Bankrupt and Sheriff's sales at a great sacrifice, therefore customers will be well paid to buy their shoes of J. M. Bittenhouse Schwenkville. Orders received from shoe dealers are promptly attended to. Also leather of all kinds. Henslock and oak at the lowest prices. Wax, upper, kip and calf, gloves kids, no rocco and linings and finding in variety. Boot shoe and gutter upper of all kinds made to order. Orders can be sent by mail and the uppers returned by mail, as a pair of uppers will only cost \$4 to 5 cents postage. J. M. BITTENHOUSE, Aug24-1y. Schwenkville.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. March 9-1y

BEATTY PIANO!

Best in Use.

Grand Square and Upright.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

June 29-1y.

SEWING MACHINES!!

The subscriber is agent for the sale of sewing machines and will sell any of the good makes

AT 20 PER CENT. LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS' PUBLISHED PRICES.

FRANK M. HOBSON,

Freeland Pa

D. C. SWANK,

Agent for the

NEW ENGLAND ORGAN CO.,

The best in use.

Its Durability is unequalled. Its sweetness of tone is admired and praised by all who have heard and saw the instrument. Testimonials from all points of the country vouch for the external beauty, sweetness of tone and unsurpassed durability of these organs. The Agent has sold no less than forty instruments within the last five months.

The organs are warranted or five years.

GIVE IT A TRIAL

and be convinced of its merits.

July 6-3m

FOR SALE

The Agent of the New American Sewing Machine offers a large lot of

2nd. Handed Sewing Machines

of every description at greatly reduced prices for sale at his place.

NO. 640 CHAIN STREET.

NORRISTOWN.

Please give him a call before buying elsewhere.

apr2-3m.

## ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING! ONE AT THIS OFFICE.

H. W. KRAZZ

Justice of the Peace,  
Surveyor, Conveyancer, Real Estate,  
and Insurance Agent.

Represents good Fire, Storm and Life Insurance Companies.

OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday

Drs. Royer & Ashenfelter,

PRACTISING PHYSICIANS,

TRAPPE PA.

OFFICE HOURS: } 7 to 9 A. M.  
} 1 to 2 P. M.  
} 6 to 8 P. M.

J. H. RICHARDS,

Bread and Fancy cake Baker

The above firm manufacture all kinds of

CAKES and CHOICE BREAD.

All those desirous of possessing good Bread and Cakes will do well to give him a trial.

He also manufactures and sells

ICE CREAM!

Parties and Pic-Nics supplied at short notice.

FREELAND,

sep. 23-3mos MONTGOMERY CO.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples

worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO.,

Portland, Maine. March 9-1y

BEATTY PIANO!

GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT.

This instrument is the most handsome and best Piano ever before manufactured in this country or Europe, having the greatest possible loud, rich and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and above all a surprising duration of sound, the lower and sympathetic quality of tone never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch. Space forbids a full description of this magnificent instrument. Agents discount given where I have no agents. Remember you take no risk in purchasing one of these CELEBRATED INSTRUMENTS. If after (5) five days test trial it proves unsatisfactory the money you have paid will be refunded upon return of instrument and freight charges paid by me both ways. Pianos warranted for six years. Address

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

June 29-1y.

B. KOHLER.

Job and Ornamental.

BOOK BINDER,

AND

Blank Book Manufacturer.

[Established 1853.]

524 North Eighth Street.

Entrance on Depot Street Philadelphia.

All kinds of English and German

Books, Music, Stationery, &c.

Furnished, and all orders for Printing attended to. Blank books, Morocco Cases, Portfolios and Pocket Books made to Order. Also Photograph Albums repaired.

June 15-3m

Facts for the People to Know,

That the subscriber at the

Evansburg Tannery,

has constantly on hand, a large stock of

WATER PROOF CALFSKINS,

WATER PROOF SLAUGHTER KIPPS,

WATER PROOF UPPER LEATHER.

which is manufactured from selected

skins, and intended expressly for custom

work, which is guaranteed to give entire

satisfaction to the wearer, and owing to

low price of green hides and the improved

water saving advantages introduced by the

subscriber, he is enabled to offer great in

crements to shoe manufacturers, or others

who purchase their own leather and have

their boots and shoes made to order.

The process of producing water proof

kippis and upper leather is not a new pro

cess, but has been practised by the subscri

ber for the past fifteen years and the con

stantly increasing demand is an indi

cation, that it is fully appreciated by the

public, as all persons after once using it,

will not be induced to use any others. Al

so a large lot of finished harness, sole

leather, moroccos, linings, &c., all goods

are offered at the lowest rates, and sat

isfaction guaranteed. orders will receive

prompt attention. Direct to

D. M. CASSELBERRY,

Lower Providence P. O. Montgomery

County, Pa. aug17-3m.

BEATTY'S PARLOR

ORGANS.

ELEGANT STYLES, with Valuable Im

provements. New and beautiful Solo Sops.

OVER ONE THOUSAND Organists and Mus

icians endorse these organs and recommend

them as STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS in tone,

Mechanism and durability. Warranted for

six years.

Most Elegant and Latest Im

proved.

Have been awarded the HIGHEST PREMI

UM in competition with others for

Simplicity, Durability, Promptness,

AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

Pure, sweet, and even balanced tone,

orchestral effects, and instantaneous

access which may be had to the reeds.

Send for Price List. Address.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

June 29-1y.

FOR SALE

A good Sulkey. Apply at

THIS OFFICE.

## Important Notice to the Public!!

Having purchased a large stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, &

VESTINGS.

I am prepared to manufacture all kinds of

Ready Made Clothing,

FOR

FALL and WINTER WEAR.

Desiring to keep pace with the times, it will

be my endeavor to make the prices suit accord

ingly.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER, A SPECIALTY.

Also cloth for ladies for ladies costs con

stantly on hand, at greatly reduced prices.

Come one and all, and examine my stock of

goods, I will endeavor to treat you all alike

and meet your wants satisfactorily.

J. K. BEAVER,

TRAPPE, PA.,







## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### What is Doing in the Old World and the New.

The English naval vessels Alert and Discovery, which had been gone for some time on an exploring expedition to the Arctic regions, have returned. They made extensive and valuable scientific discoveries, but were unable to find land above latitude eighty-three degrees, twenty minutes (four hundred miles from the pole), to which point a sledge party was sent—three men being lost in the endeavor. The cold was intense, the thermometer indicating fifty-nine degrees below zero for a fortnight, and once falling to 104 degrees below freezing point. The Sioux commission was successful in its endeavors to get the different chiefs to sign the treaty—they readily doing so after the clause relating to removal to Indian Territory had been removed. The cyclone which did so much damage in the West Indies also visited the Central American states. Managua, in Nicaragua, was inundated and four hundred houses blown down—many of the inhabitants, who had sought shelter on the tops of their houses from the flood, being killed in the falling. The damage is put at \$2,000,000. More than three hundred of the houses were destroyed in Blefield. Much suffering prevails, and the government is extending aid. The coffee crop of the country is damaged \$3,000,000. A train on the New Jersey Midland railroad broke through a bridge at Hawthorne, killing two persons and wounding two others. At Rome, N. Y., fire completely destroyed the knitting mills.

During the recent heavy gale at Sabie island an American vessel supposed to belong in Eastport, Me., was driven ashore and went to pieces. Her crew was drowned; five of the bodies being recovered. The vessel was laden with barreled herring. Three Methodist ministers, circuit riders, were shot in Arkansas by illot distillers who, it is thought, supposed them to be revenue officers going to make arrests. The Pope having desired to divide the archbishopric of Lyons into two dioceses without the assent of the French government, the latter has issued a decree forbidding such a division. Thomas Lanigan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was suffocated, while drunk, by rolling over in bed and jamming his face in a pillow, from which position he was unable to extricate himself. Two colored women of Louisville, Ky., having a quarrel, decided to fight a duel with knives, and accordingly met at night without witnesses in front of a Baptist church, where they fought fiercely for half an hour, at the expiration of which time they were arrested, one of them being terribly gashed and her right eye cut out.

Allen C. Laro, convicted of poisoning his father in May last, at which time several others of the family died, has been sentenced to be hanged at Easton, Pa. After terrific fighting on Sunday the Turks drove the Servians from Djunis and took possession of the heights, thus cutting the Serbian army in two. The Servians, dissatisfied with their commander-in-chief, could not be brought to fight with spirit, notwithstanding the frantic endeavors of their Russian officers. Wm. Hawthorne, a citizen of Hagerstown, aged seventy-two years, was killed by his son-in-law, Thomas Stevens. A recent census of Buffalo put the population at 143,594—an increase of ten thousand during the past year. By a collision near Gouldsboro, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railway, a passenger train was wrecked—five passengers being killed and thirteen wounded. Investigation shows a deficiency of \$300,000 in the treasury accounts of the city of Philadelphia. Burglars gained admittance to the jewelry store of Stein Bros., in New York city, by false keys, on a Sunday night, and, forcing the safe, carried off \$25,000 worth of stock, leaving nothing but plated ware.

A special dispatch from Bismarck says that Gen. Miles had a successful fight after an unsuccessful council with Sitting Bull on the twenty-first and twenty-second of October, on Cedar creek, killing a number of Indians and wounding many. Miles' own loss was two men wounded. He chased the Indians about sixty miles, when they divided, one portion going toward the agency and the other with Sitting Bull toward Fort Peck. Gen. Miles following the latter. A false alarm of fire created a panic in a Chinese theater in San Francisco, and a rush was made for the single narrow exit. Large numbers were thrown down and trampled upon; the police taking out twenty dead bodies. During a Republican parade in Albany, N. Y., Wm. H. Young, formerly colonel of the 18th regiment, was thrown from his horse and killed. The boiler of a locomotive exploded near Abingdon, Va., killing the engineer and fireman. The fire of the San Francisco philanthropist, James Lick, is to be contested by the son, John H. Lick. A rainstorm at Orleans, Ind., so flooded the ground in the vicinity that the whole place had the appearance of an immense lake; loss, \$100,000, mostly to agriculturists. The summer hotel and opera house at Akron, Ohio, were destroyed by fire; loss, \$60,000; insurance, \$14,000. On board the vessels of the Arctic ocean were 12,034 barrels of whale oil, 199 barrels of sperm oil, 61,100 pounds of whalebone, and 43,000 pounds of ivory. The popularity of the postal card is shown in the fact that the sales during October amounted to 23,116,000, an increase of 2,977,500 over the sales of the corresponding month last year.

By the burning of the Buffalo Hardware Co.'s works a loss of \$30,000 was inflicted; insurance, \$17,000. A fire in Grenada, Miss., destroyed sixteen business houses on the west side of the square and west side of Greene street. The Servians displayed such a lack of courage in the late engagement in which they were defeated, that Russian officers are leaving them by scores, refusing to further assist such a pusillanimous people. A new canal from Amsterdam to the German ocean was opened with imposing ceremonies by the Dutch authorities. By the breaking of a car axle at Center Valley, on the North Pennsylvania railway, four cars were thrown from the track and demolished. Two men were killed and a number of others injured. A number of horses and carriages belonging to Brigham Young were sold at public auction in Salt Lake to satisfy the award of alimony allowed his divorced wife, Ann Eliza, by the court. They brought \$1185; another seizure will be necessary. One man was blown to atoms and several others more or less injured by the blowing up of two buildings occupied by the Miami Powder Co., near Xenia, Ohio. The loss on the buildings amounts to \$15,000. The concussion broke all the window glass within

a circuit of four miles. While the Gloucester (Mass.) schooner F. A. Smith was on the fishing tanks, three of her crew were washed overboard and lost. A vigilance committee in Wyandotte county, Kansas, lynched two horse thieves on a Sunday morning. Stephen Cooper shot and killed his son near Dover, Dutchess county, N. Y., during an altercation. The United States debt statement for November 1st shows the total debt outstanding \$2,218,416,799.86—a reduction of \$3,388,139.01 during October.

The drug warehouse of A. A. Miller, in St. Louis, was consumed by fire. Loss, \$25,000. The bookkeeper of the West Troy (N. Y.) bank is a defaulter to the amount of four or five thousand dollars. Turkey and Serbia have signed a six weeks' armistice—Greece's threats proving successful. The glove factory of H. D. Simpson at Chatham, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. A report from camp Stambaugh, Wyoming Territory, says that a village of five hundred lodges of Shoshones was attacked on October 30 by a large Sioux war party, estimated at 1200 lodges, at Pointed Rock, about ninety miles from Stambaugh. As far as learned, only one Shoshone escaped. Floods in the interior of Cuba have caused considerable damage to crops. By a railway collision near Linden, N. J., on the Pennsylvania road, one man was killed and three were injured. James Weeden, surviving principal of the fatal Weeden-Walker prize fight in New Jersey, Sam Collier, his second, with "Fiddler" Neary, Richard Goodwin and Johnny Clark, "backers" of the fight, who were on trial for murder at Salem, N. J., were found guilty of manslaughter.

### The Woes of Dynamite.

Mr. Duncan, of Nithill, Scotland, is—or rather was—a poor and humble miner, but his name will live with those of the discoverers of vaccination and anesthesia. Various causes, among which was a tendency on the part of Mr. Duncan's fellow townsmen to speak slightly of his moral and mining character, led him to resolve to quit an unappreciative and heartless world. In such circumstances, an ordinary Scotchman would probably have bought a copy of some humorous work, and killed himself with a few pages of jokes; or he would have set free his personal spirit with the pistol, the rope, or the vial of poison. But Mr. Duncan was not an ordinary man. He was anxious to die, but he was unwilling to annoy his surviving friends by leaving his body in their hands. He felt that no true gentleman ought to have his corpse littering up the street, or encumbering his neighbor's fishpond, and that it would be little less than robbery were he to compel other people to undertake the trouble and expense of burying him. He therefore sought some way by which he could commit suicide, and at the same time effectually dispose of his body, and the result of this search was the invention which is sure to make him famous.

One day the small boys of Nithill perceived Mr. Duncan in the act of issuing from his house, with a tin can and a length of fuse under his arm. On reaching the middle of the street he placed the can on the ground, lighted the end of the fuse, and inserting the other end in the can, leaned over it in a thoughtful though unusual attitude. Confident that here was a rare opportunity for safely upsetting the unpopular miner, the boys stealthily approached him. Suddenly he caught sight of them, and yelled to them to fly for their lives. They did so, but almost immediately the can exploded with a tremendous report. When the smoke cleared away, Mr. Duncan and the tin can had vanished. A few pounds of dynamite had blown that ingenious man into such small fragments that no coroner has been able to find a piece of him sufficiently large to warrant an inquest or to require a funeral. —New York Times.

### Ivy on House Walls.

There is a popular belief, says the *American Architect and Building News*, that ivy growing upon a building renders it damp and unhealthy, which is quite unreasonable; in fact, if a wall, particularly a north wall, be damp, the best treatment is to plant English ivy at its base; for not only does the dense foliage of the plant keep out rain, but its aerial roots absorb the moisture already in the wall. The real mischief done by ivy is to old buildings of stone or brick, from whose joints the mortar has been dislodged. An ivy shoot once lodged in one of these crevices will grow in bulk until in the course of years it has so pressed the joints apart that the masonry can be dislodged by any strong vibration of the building.

Merchant's Gargling Oil has won for itself a world-wide reputation as a liniment useful in rheumatism, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, etc. This preparation was first manufactured in 1893, and since then has steadily grown into the favor and confidence of the people. The long term of years during which it has constantly been brought to the notice of the public, together with its immense sale, give evidence of an inherent value which cannot be doubted. An objection to its use—that of staining the skin—has been entirely removed, so that it now leaves no stain whatever. Although called "Family Oil," and prepared intentionally for human flesh, it answers as well for beasts; and will be found one of the best remedies for all purposes, where a liniment is required, that has ever been manufactured. —The Druggist, New Lebanon, N. Y.

We would advise those of our readers whose buildings or fences require painting, or whose roofs are in need of repairs, to send at once for pamphlet and price list of Asbestos Paints, Roofing, Roof Paint and Cement. These articles, which are of unquestionable reliability, are also the most economical of any in use for such purposes. The Centennial Exposition medal and diploma of merit have been awarded to the manufacturer, Mr. H. W. Johns, 87 Maiden Lane, New York, who within the past twenty years has built up the most extensive and successful business in this line in the world. Mr. Johns also manufactures Asbestos paper, cloth, steam pipe and boiler coverings, steam packing, sheathings, etc., which are in use in every civilized country.

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The Grand Central Hotel, Broadway, New York, is, in every respect, a first-class hotel. It has few equals, no superiors. Every line of stages pass the door. It is easy walking distance to principal stores and places of amusement. The rooms are large, airy, and elegantly furnished. The table and attendance all the most fastidious could desire, and last, but not least, the prices have been reduced to \$2.50 and \$3 per day.

In consequence of the many inferior imitations, the manufacturers of the celebrated "Matchless" brand of plug tobacco have been compelled to protect themselves by a trade mark. Every plug now has the words "Matchless P. Co." thereon. The Pioneer Tobacco Co., 124 Water St., N. Y., are the manufacturers.

Mr. W. C. Coup, manager of the N. Y. Aquarium, has had made, at great expense, a beautiful chromo of the Aquarium for persons who cannot visit it. As a picture it would be cheap at five times the price. See adv.

The Rev. Matthew Bonner, M. D., late medical missionary in China, curing thousands of dyspepsia, ladies' "morning sickness," foul breath, and all disorders of the stomach and liver, by the use of "Ching." It is the Chinese sovereign remedy for those disorders. Send \$1 for a box, or a stamp for a circular, to post-office box 111, Troy, N. Y.

### One More Unfortunate.

Almost every day the papers chronicle the suicide of some poor unfortunate whose mind has been enfeebled by dyspepsia, over whose earthly duties, ladies' "morning sickness," foul breath, and all disorders of the stomach and liver, by the use of "Ching." It is the Chinese sovereign remedy for those disorders. Send \$1 for a box, or a stamp for a circular, to post-office box 111, Troy, N. Y.

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